MARTIAL EFFUSIONS

OF ANCIENT TIMES;

ADDRESSED TO

THE SPARTAN HOSTS,

TO EXCITE THEM TO VALOUR AND DISCIPLINE,

IN THEIR CONFLICTS WITH

THE MESSENIANS:

AND PRESCRIBED AS

PERMANENT RECITATIONS,

BY

THE REPUBLIC OF LACEDEMON,

TO INSPIRE THEIR YOUTH WITH

WARLIKE SENTIMENTS.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF

TYRTÆUS.

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TO THE

MARTIAL BANDS

OF THE

BRITONS,

ARMED, AND ARMING, TO DEFEND,

On British Ground,

THE HONOUR, THE LIBERTY, THE LAWS,

THE HEARTHS, AND THE ALTARS,

OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE,

THESE

MARTIAL EFFUSIONS

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH ARDENT WISHES FOR

SAFETY, SUCCESS, AND GLORY,

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

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THE originals of the following Translations and Imitations, are preserved in the Collections of Stobæus, and the Oration of Lycurgus against Leocrates. The second of them is, by some critics, attributed to Callinus. The others are universally ascribed to TYRTÆUS.

TYRTÆUS was, by birth, an Athenian. He was sent by his own State, in consequence of an oracular injunction, to assist the Spartans in retrieving the defeats and disasters, which they had experienced, in their wars with their rivals, the Messenians.

TYRTÆUS

Tyrtæus was a Poet, as well as a Soldier. In his adopted country, he had occasion for the exercise of the talents appropriate to both characters. His efforts were crowned with success. By his military instructions he improved the discipline and tactics, and by his Martial Effusions, he revived the drooping spirits of the Spartans. After many fierce conflicts, of critical and alternate issue, in some of which the Invaders and Invaded changed situations and perils, the contest terminated finally in favour of Sparta.

The following Poems are not offered to the public as strict translations of the Martial Fragments of Tyrtæus. It is the general *spirit* of the Poet, that is meant to be conveyed in them, together with the appropriate character of his Sentiments. The glow of "love to "our country—the glory of dying in its "defence—the praise and honours of valour

"lour—the joys and rewards of Victory"—the degradation and misery of Cowardice and Defeat—These, and similar sentiments and views are the most prominent in the original; and, in conveying them, the Translator has not confined himself to the exact arrangement in which they there stand, nor to the precise aspect in which they there appear, nor to the motives under which they are recommended and pressed. Views, also, analogous and parallel have been sometimes brought forward; and some thoughts will be found introduced, which are not touched, in the original, at all. They are, however, *kindred thoughts;* and bearing on the same elevated object at which the ancient Poet points.

Of the licence now acknowledged, more will be found in some parts of the Poems, than in others. The greatest degree of it is in those numbered II. and IV. These the Translator

slator has ventured entirely to *new-cast*. As they now appear, they have a sort of *Lyrical* air, and bear some resemblance to original Ballads, composed in our own style. If they may be thought such as TYRTÆUS *might* have written, the Translator will plead guilty to the charges of licence and interpolation, and patiently await their punishment.

Several Translations of the Martial Fragments of TYRTÆUS have, at different periods, been presented to the English reader. None of them had come under the eye of the present Translator, when, a few months ago, in the discharge of his professional functions, he was led to compose those now offered to the public. Even, at present, the only one he has seen is the very elegant one of the Poet Laureat, published in 1796; and that he did not see till the present translation was in the press. Will he be believed, if he

say, that, had he been previously acquainted with Mr. Pye's Translation, he would have hesitated about the publication of his own? Mr. Polwhele's Translation, respectfully referred to by Mr. Pye, and which he has not yet seen, would probably have encreased this hesitation.

The originals of these fragments, extracted from the collections of Stobæus, have been frequently edited, and, in some cases, with laboured Commentaries and Illustrations. In the year 1759, they were printed at the Glasgow press, by the Messrs. Foulis, under the inspection of the learned Doctor James Moor, then Greek Professor in that University, who prefaced his edition with an account of the Poet, and subjoined to it some critical notes. It was published with the following remarkably appropriate inscription:

"These

" These remains of ancient panegyric on Mar-
" tial spirit, and Personal Valour, of old,
" the daily lessons of the SPARTAN YOUTH,
" are, with propriety, inscribed to the
" Young Gentlemen, lately bred at the
" UNIVERSITY of GLASGOW, at present
" serving their country, as Officers of the
" HIGHLAND BATTALIONS now in AME-
" RICA."

The similarity of circumstances now, and in 1759, suggested to the present Translator the propriety of a similar inscription: an inscription, however, of much more extensive appropriation, from the more critical aspect of the times—the greater magnitude of the stake—and the encreased range of military preparation. In superstitious moments, when the mind is pressed by the doubtful issue of great efforts, it gathers up circumstances, on which it builds, as matter of AUGURY. In such a moment, the Translator hailed the auspicious

issues

issues of the efforts of the Defenders of their Country's rights in 1759, as happy omens of the issues of the more momentous efforts of their present Defenders. The former were covered with glory: the latter *will* be covered, also. They know that they struggle for a great stake. They struggle under the eye of many witnesses. The Persons of the Living—the Spirits of the Dead are around them. Both bring inspiration. The *living eye* beams encouragement: that of the *valiant of other times* shoots light through the shades of Death. Is this illusion? No.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight.
Again, for Britain's wrongs they feel;
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' AVENGING FIGHT.

COLLINS.

MARTIAL EFFUSIONS.

I.

1

NE'ER shall my verse record his vulgar name,
Whose powers the Stadium and Palaestra bound;
Vast though his might, Cyclopean though his frame,
Fleeter than Boreas though he sweep the ground.

2

Fresh were his bloom, as did Tithonus grace,
Greater his wealth than Midas e'er could tell,
High were his birth, as Pelops' royal race,
Sweeter his tones than from Adrastus fell,—

3

Though every gift should every glory bring,
If VALOUR not his swelling breast inspire,
No lay of mine his useless gifts shall sing;
Lays only wak'd by valour's holy fire!

4

"And who may claim the meed the Muse bestows?"
Whom Death not scares, nor Terror prompts to yield;
Whose heart pants high with hostile bands to close;
Who eyes, with front serene, the ensanguin'd field.

5

Such Hero well the Muse's wreath may claim;
Sweet wreath to bind the youthful Warrior's brow,
Whose patriot Virtue guards a nation's fame,
Whose patriot arm has crown'd a nation's vow!

6

He—he may claim the meed the Muse bestows;
Him Death not scares, nor Terror prompts to yield,
High pants his heart with hostile bands to close!
With front serene he eyes the ensanguin'd field!

7

See him spring forth to meet the embattled Foe;
Dare his approach, his threat'ning spear defy!
Shoots through his eye his heart's enkindled glow,
Inspiring kindred flames, which teach to die!

8

The ranks recoil before his onward spear;
Elate, he breasts the Battle's purple flood:
Back roll the surges; with them, ah! they bear
The Hero, whelm'd in seas of hostile blood.

9

Far from his fellows born, he sinks opprest,
His helm and buckler hack'd with many a wound;
Darts close on darts transfix his manly breast;
No gash ignoble on his back is found.

10

Saved by his death of Glory—saved and free,
A grateful People high his trophies raise;
His deeds emblazon in the proud Decree,
And teach the infant tongue to lisp his praise.

11

Revering multitudes attend his bier;
In accents sad, the youth, the aged, mourns;
Yet Triumph glistens through the grief-sprung tear,
And Pride and Sorrow swell the heart by turns.

12

To Heaven uprear'd the votive columns rise,
Which consecrate to Time his sainted name.
Dear are his children in their country's eyes;
And children's children's children heir his fame.

13

While sinks his body, wrapt in shades of Night,
Up to the Realms of Light his Spirit hies;
Far o'er Earth's ken he wings his glorious flight,
To meet the kindred Spirits of the skies.

14

But—should he, safe, survive the noble strife,
Should Valour shield him in the dread affray,
What dazzling glories light his path of life!
What softened radiance gilds his setting day!

15

Respect and Love attend his growing years;
Maintain his rights; his sacred person shield.
High seated shines he 'midst his yielding Peers,
In council first, as foremost in the field.

16

He—he may claim the meed the Muse bestows:
Him Death not scares, nor Terror prompts to yield;
High pants his heart with hostile bands to close,
With front serene he eyes the ensanguin'd field.

II.

1

SPARTAN Heroes, martial Band,
Armed to save the Spartan land,
When, from bed of soft Repose,
Will you spring to meet her Foes?

2

Mark you not the scowling eye
Of nations round you? Hark! they cry
"Spartans, are you dead to Fame?
"Spartans, are you lost to Shame?

3

Halcyon Peace has fled the ground;
Hosts embattled gather round;
Spartans, rouse to Spartan toil!—
Strangers THREAT *the Spartan soil!*

4

Away with Ease, away with Fear;
Brace the helmet, couch the spear;
Poise the dart; and, firm, advance,
'Neath the buckler's ample fence.

5

On to Battle; on to Fame;
On to gain a Patriot name:
On to DEATH, if die you must;
But—GIVE THE FOE A PARTING THRUST.

6

O! how comely 'tis to fight
For all that yields the heart delight;
Country's freedom—Children's life—
Aged Parent—spotless Wife.

7

And, O! what honours deck his grave,
Who dies those pledges dear to save.
The stream that flows, when Virtue calls,
Hallows the turf on which it falls.

8

Spartan Heroes, martial Band,
Champions of the Spartan land;
Spartans, rouse to Spartan toil!—
Strangers TREAD *the Spartan soil.*

9

Away to Battle; on to Fame;
On to gain a Patriot name:
On to DEATH, if die you must;
Yet—GIVE THE FOE A PARTING THRUST.

10

Heaven has doom'd that all must fall,
When the Fatal Sisters call:
The peasant tribe—the Royal line—
The Hero sprung from stock divine!

11

But NOW he falls; and whither hies;
To dark the night, or light the skies:
To *that* the Hero bends his care;
To *that* the Hero points his prayer!

12

The Coward, pale at War's alarms,
Who hurries far from din of arms,
In Battle 'scapes a Hero's death,
On couch supine to yield his breath!

13

Darkness shades his grov'ling doom;
No brilliant trophies grace his tomb:
No weeping Country mourns his fall!——
OBLIVION SWEEPS HIM FROM THE BALL!

14

But, who, his Native land to save,
In Battle courts the Hero's grave,
On each Life-Drop, that stains his bier,
His Country drops a precious tear!

15

Falling so, he falls in Glory;
He rises great in Spartan story:
Martial legends saint his name;
And give his deeds to deathless Fame!

16

The votive urn preserves his dust;
With Gods and Heroes stands his Bust;
Himself a God; himself a Band;
The Fortress proud that joys the land!

17

Spartan Heroes, martial Band,
Champions of the Spartan land,
Spartans, rouse to Spartan toil!—
Strangers CLAIM *the Spartan soil!*

18

Then, on to meet those Aliens bold,
Whose feet profane your sacred mold;—
If SPARTA'S SOIL *they needs must have,*
GIVE THEM, EACH, A SPARTAN GRAVE!

19

Then, on to Battle; on to Fame;
On to gain a Patriot name:
On to DEATH, if die you must;
And—REACH THE FOE A PARTING THRUST!

III.

WHERE is the progeny of great Alcides,
Unconquered erst, as he, from whom they sprung?
Why fades the colour on their manly cheeks,
When marshall'd for the fight? rouse, Spartans, rouse!
The fav'ring eye of Jove yet beams upon you.

What, tho' your Foes advance, a furious Host
Of countless thousands; let not that unnerve
Your steady arm; but, boldly, march right on
To meet them. To their front each Hero press;
His buckler's fence opposed full to their spears.
No mean ignoble lust of future days
Lurk in your hearts; but, be the shades of Death
Welcome alike with Life's bright cheering ray!

No strangers to your souls, or to your arm,
Are martial struggles, and th' alternate issues
Those struggles bring. Oft' in backward rout,
The Foe has fled before you. Time has been
You, too, have yielded; but, when Spartans yield,
They yield but to return with double ardour
To the fierce Fight.—Yet better Honour saved,
Than, even with matchless Gallantry, redeemed!

Does Danger shake you? Ponder, Spartans, well
The fate of Warriors firm, that stand compact,
Wedged in close column, each to each a bulwark,
And theirs, who stray dispersed, or skulk behind.
Fewer, by far, the bold in Battle fall,
Than fall the terror-struck who fly from Glory!
And, oh! what tongue can speak the foul disgrace,
The many thousand ills, of every colour,
That fix on him, who with a Coward's name,
Among the Brave, is branded! Oh! the horror,
When on the soldier's BACK, as, panick-driven,

He flies, by the pursuing blade imprinted,
Streaming is seen the sad inglorious wound!
Oh, sight of Shame, to see his haggard carcase
Rot on the plain, transfix'd with darts BEHIND!
Ah! gallant race of Jove's all-gallant son,
Recoil with horror from a taint so foul!
Ne'er be your Front erect, your light'ning Eye,
Averted seen from the advancing Foe!
With either foot fast rivetted to earth,
Take your firm stand. With fierce and threat'ning mien,
Close o'er your limbs, and thighs, and breast, and shoulders,
Bring your protecting buckler's ample round.
On high uplifted poise each man his dart:
Nod awful on his helm his shining crest:
Let his own gallant Feats new prompt his Valour,
Begetting each his equal. Never, in the rear,
With buckler on his arm, and spear in hand,
Let Spartan soldier seek ignoble shelter;
But, pressing to the front, close with his man;

Thrusting him through with firm protended spear,
Or hewing him to earth with his stout falchion.

'Ware, Spartans, how you *scatter* in the conflict.
In close compact battalion stand united;
Foot pressing foot, and helmet touching helm,
Buckler in buckler lock'd, shoulder to shoulder.
Let all your waving plumes nod close as one.

Ye, too, ye lighter squadrons, take *your* stand,
Where best your efforts may assist the Phalanx;
Not mixing with the close embattled line,
Nor from it distant far. Fenced by his shield,
Each, as each may, strive to annoy the Foe.
Discharge, full on him, showers of massy stones;
Or scatter on his flank your well aim'd darts.
Thus, each assisting each, all strength'ning all,
In common cause exerting common might,
Secure the glorious issue of the day;
FAIR SPARTA'S FREEDOM, AND FAIR SPARTA'S FAME!

IV.

1

DEATH, when Time or Chance may call,
Is Nature's stern award to all:
Death, their Native land to save,
Is Nature's Bounty to the Brave.

2

The Battle's Front is Honour's post;
There to fight is Valour's boast:
There to DIE; if nought remain
But Death to ward the servile chain!

3

For who would fly the gallant strife,
To drag a cheerless Wand'rer's life?
Of Country, Hearth, and Honour reft,
And nought but breath and sorrow left!

4

A Father's age, a Mother's fear,
The Infant's cry, the Spouse's tear,
And pinching Want, and dark Dismay,
Companions of his dreary way!

5

To Aliens does he vent his woe?
The boon is scant, the hand is slow.
Protecting roof he seeks in vain,
Who bears Dishonour in his train.

6

His Form so fair, his Birth so high,
His Eye elate, that met the sky,
The stamp of his depression borrow;
The shrink of Shame, the shade of Sorrow!

7

His Spirit sunk, his Manhood gone,
Aimless he roams an outcast lone:
His path Regard and Pity fly;
And Scorn and Misery BID HIM DIE!

8

Death, when Time or Chance may call,
Is Nature's stern award to all:
Death, their Native land to save,
Is Nature's Bounty to the Brave.

9

Then, Spartans, rush on Sparta's foes;
With Sparta's fierce Invaders close:
Spartans DIE, if nought remain
But Death, to ward the servile chain!

10

Life to human kind is sweet,
When Life and holy Freedom meet;
When they part, the Charm is fled,
To sweeten Death in Honour's bed.

11

Then spare not toil, then spare not Life,
In the peril-braving strife;
And, see the Young, in front, maintain
First conflict on the hostile plain.

12

For oh! the dire Disgrace to find
The youthful Warrior left behind;
And, when the Danger gathers nigh,
First to fear, and first to fly.

13

And oh! the sight of Shame, to see
With dubious arm, with tott'ring knee,
Deserted stand the man of Age,
To meet, in front, the Battle's rage.

14

To see him fall, to see him slain,
To see him gasping on the plain;
His silver Beard, his Temples hoar,
With dust besmear'd, distained with gore!

15

His shrivell'd Form, outstretch'd and bare,
To bloat the Earth, and taint the Air;
His Members marr'd with wanton maim,
In Nature's spite, to Manhood's shame!

16

When, mangled thus, the Aged lie
In Horror, turns th' averted Eye;
The wounds that lusty Youth betide,
Are Beauty's grace, and Valour's pride.

17

The Friend that praised the Form so rare,
Exulting sees that form more fair;
The gentle Maid, that lov'd before,
Admires, and weeps, and LOVES YET MORE.

18

DEATH, when Time or Chance may call,
Is Nature's stern award to all;
Death, their Native land to save,
Is Nature's Bounty to the Brave.

19

Then, Spartans, rush on Spartan foes;
Fierce with her fierce invaders close:
Spartans, DIE, if nought remain
But Death to ward the servile chain.

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